

Jazz Stories: A Photo History

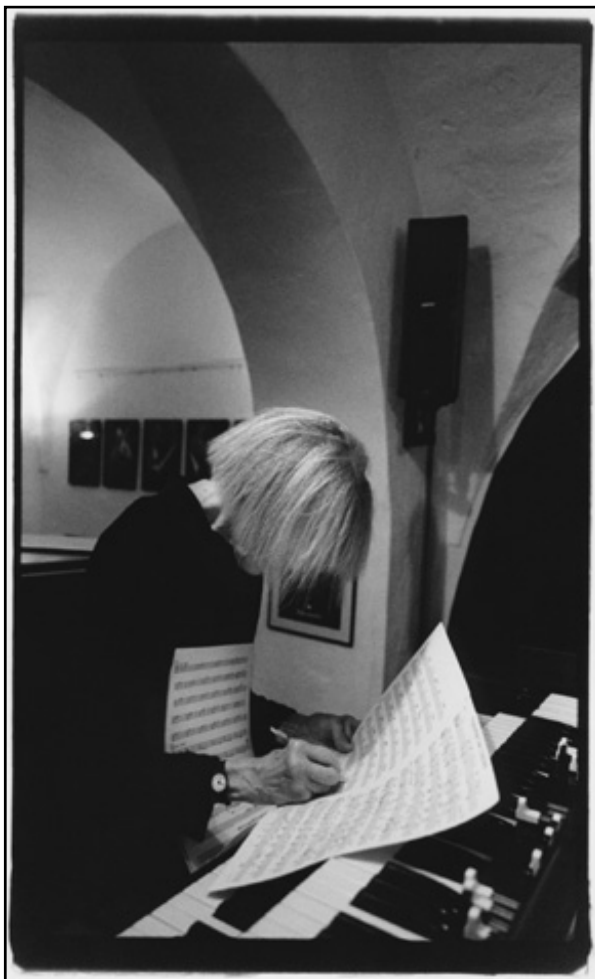
PHOTO  
JAZZ STORIES  
photos and captions  
by Patrick Hinely



# Jazz Stories A Photo History

**CARLA BLEY (BORN LOVELLA MAY BORG, MAY 11, 1936, OAKLAND CA) – ORGAN, WITH THE SWALLOW QUINTET**

**N**otating charts of Steve Swallow's music during set-up and sound-check, Birdland, Neuburg-am-Donau, Germany, October 29, 2011. Two things set this particularly photo-opportune moment apart from my previous 30+ years of photographing this first lady of American music. First is that she was playing in someone else's band, a rarity in itself, and second, she had basically



turned me loose with my camera, which had never been the case before, even when I spent several days with her and her big band as they rehearsed and recorded her **LOOKING FOR AMERICA** album in 2002. I've always tried to respect her space, and to finally be validated for doing so was as good a feeling as realizing, a decade ago, that I'd been the first photographer since Garry Winogrand allowed to spend as much time in the studio with her and her band, and Winogrand's wonderful wanderings during the **ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL** sessions had occurred 30 years earlier! While this is not something I'll engrave on my tombstone, I am none the less proud of it. This photograph was a finalist in the Jazz Journalists Association 2012 Photo of the Year competition.

Photo Credit: ©2011 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

**FLORIAN WEBER (BORN NOVEMBER 11, 1977, DETMOLD, GERMANY) – PIANO (AT LEFT)** Engrossed in chess game with **DAN WEISS (born Hackensack NJ, March 4, 1977)** – drums, during break in ENJA recording sessions, as **Matthias Winkelmann (born April 7, 1941, Berlin)** – producer, looks on, at Systems Two Studios in Brooklyn NY.



Photo Credit: ©2011 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

**W**eber's music is complex, but then so are Weiss' abilities to play in unusual time signatures, making for an engaging musical meeting. Weber and Weiss played more than one game of chess, with quiet intent, in the control room during breaks on both of the days of recording sessions I attended. This one occurred right next to where executive producer and ENJA label cofounder Matthias Winkelmann was sitting, and he has swiveled his chair to observe, giving the photograph the potential title of 'three guys holding their chins.' Having worked at least a couple of dozen sessions with him over the years, I can say that Winkelmann has always preferred the light touch to the heavy hand. Constantly balancing an awareness that the meter is running whether the taxi is moving or not with the knowledge that artists do best when allowed to move at their own pace, he graciously lets things happen far more often than he makes things move. This is a rare gift.

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**LIONEL LOUEKE (BORN APRIL 27, 1973, COTONOU, BENIN) - GUITAR**  
(at lower left) Listening to playback during ENJA recording sessions, with (clockwise) Dan Weiss (born Hackensack NJ, March 4, 1977) – drums, Thomas Morgan (born Hayward CA, August 14, 1981) – bass, and Max Ross (born April 3, 1981, Kiev, USSR) – engineer, at Systems Two Studios in Brooklyn NY.

Loueke is one of the most relaxed individuals I have ever encountered in a recording studio, yet anyone who might think his easy-going nature means his work is less focused need only hear him play to know otherwise. He makes it all look simple, exuding an unconditional rejoicing unlike any I've heard since Wes Montgomery. Guitar star though he is, one who has had the good fortune to work with some big-name heavies from early on, Loueke doesn't fancy himself; the day he was there, he was just one of the guys in the band. His contributions both fleshed out and transformed Florian Weber's compositions, which I would imagine is what the composer/bandleader had in mind when he invited Loueke to be part of the forthcoming BIOSPHERE album. This image is the latest in an ongoing series of tableaux in that room, which, except for digital equipment being added, hasn't changed much in the 20 years I've been shooting there, where musicians must deal repeatedly with their harshest critics: themselves.

My guess on this one is that Loueke liked what he was hearing.



Photo Credit: ©2011 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

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**JAN HAMMER** (b. 1948, Prague, Czechoslovakia) – primarily a keyboard player, though in this case, drums, and **GLEN MOORE** (b. 1941, Portland, Oregon) – bass. New York City, May, 1974

**A**fternoon jam at Larry Karush's loft, Mercer Street at Grand, New York City. Later in the day, they were joined by guitarist John Abercrombie and Marc Copland, who was then a saxophonist, with a different name. Oregon bassist Moore was subletting a corner of Karush's loft, making him the host. Soho, at that time almost beginning to gentrify, still offered enough on-street parking for Hammer, who was just recently resigned from the Mahavishnu Orchestra, but still a decade from creating the soundtrack for *Miami Vice*, to park his VW squareback directly in front of the building. Through the afternoon, from time to time, he would peek out the window to make sure it was still there. It was. The music went in many directions, most of them marvelous. This is the most lasting souvenir of my first foray into the jazz world of New York City, and the oldest image in my Work/Play® portfolio.



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1974

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

**FREDDIE GREEN (b. 1911, Charleston, South Carolina, d. 1987) – guitar, with the Count Basie Orchestra, Lexington, Virginia, February, 1985**



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © 1985

This is one of the few images of my personal work which I shot on my day job as University Photographer at my employer (and alma mater – 1973), Washington and Lee University. The scene is W&L's annual Fancy Dress ball, an event once grand and notable on the southern circuit of high society, by this point a nostalgic holdover among the school's many traditions. Shooting from the gymnasium balcony, I noticed that Green's guitar had no amplification. During one of the band's breaks, I asked saxophonist Eric Dixon how they could possibly hear him, and he responded that they didn't need to actually hear Freddie playing, because they could feel his playing. Green did take a solo that evening – four notes' worth – and they were good ones. This photograph took first place in Jazz Photo International 1985.

JAZZ CALENDIARY 2008, comprising nearly 60 of Patrick Hinely's Work/Play® photographs, including several which have previously appeared in these pages, was published in 2007 in Germany by Jazzprezzo (ISBN 978-3-9810250-3-3), with an introduction by Tad Hershorn. Officially out of print, a few copies remain available from the photographer. For more information, e-mail: [phinely@embarqmail.com](mailto:phinely@embarqmail.com)

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**GARY PEACOCK** (b. 1935, Burley, Idaho) –bass, **James Farber**, recording engineer, **PAUL MOTIAN** (b. 1931, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, d. 2011) –drums, and **PAUL BLEY** (b. 1932, Montreal, Quebec) – piano New York City, January, 1998

**B**reak during recording session, Avatar Studios. Though I've been shooting ECM recording sessions since 1980, this was the first one I'd attended without label founder and producer Manfred Eicher on site for the proceedings, but then anyone trying to guide these three master musicians in any specific direction would have quickly come to understand the concept - and the futility - of herding cats. Seemingly through collective intuition, they'd go in and play for a while, then take a break for a while, with the breaks usually lasting longer than the times playing, involving much hanging out, badinage, and the drinking of large amounts of coffee, in effect a sort of old home day for long-time friends who didn't get to see one another, much less work together, very often. This photograph appeared in the booklet for their trio album *Not Two, Not One* (ECM 1670).



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © 1985

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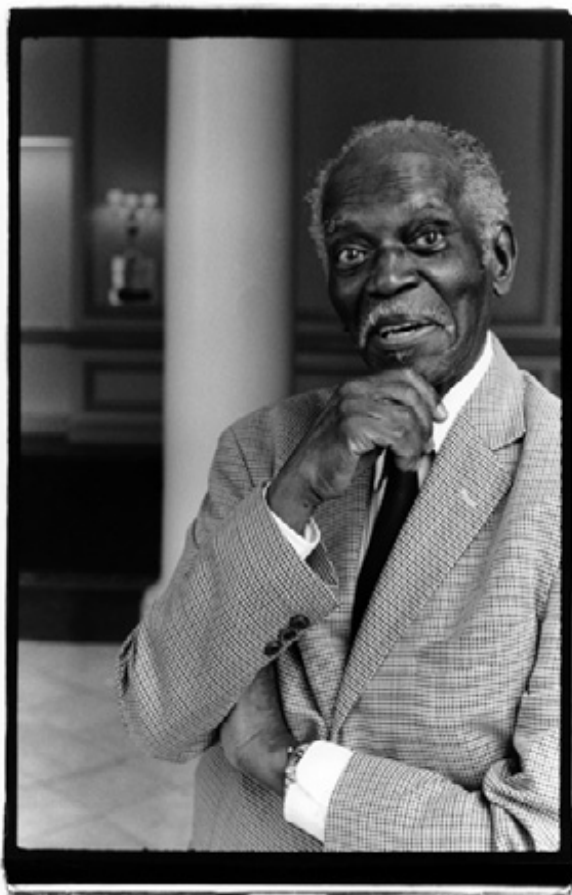


Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © 1998

**HANK JONES**  
(b. 1918, Vicksburg,  
Mississippi, d. 2010)  
– piano

**Charleston, South  
Carolina, May  
2006**

**T**his impromptu portrait was shot outside the ballroom of the ritzy hotel where Jones was staying for his appearance at Spoleto Festival USA.

When someone says it's usually 90 during May in Charleston, that holds true for both the temperature and the humidity, neither of which deterred the gracious and elegant Mr. Jones from his usual wardrobe. Blessedly, we never had to leave air-conditioning. The only other pianist I've ever met with as fine a touch also came to New York from Detroit: Tommy Flanagan, and the mere mention of that name brought this smile to Jones' face, who, despite Flanagan's having been gone for almost five years at the time, Jones referred to in the present tense – but then, so had Flanagan, during a concert nearly a decade before, referred to Jones' late brother Thad in the present tense, repeatedly, before playing each of the several of Thad's tunes in his set list that evening.

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

**STEVE SWALLOW (BORN OCTOBER 4, 1940, FAIR LAWN NJ) – BASS GUITAR**  
During set-up and soundcheck, Birdland, Neuburg-am-Donau, Germany, October 29, 2011

**A**fter all those years of being the bassist in other people's bands – primarily those of Gary Burton, John Scofield and Carla Bley – here was Swallow finally touring with his own band, and this was only the second gig on the group's inaugural tour.

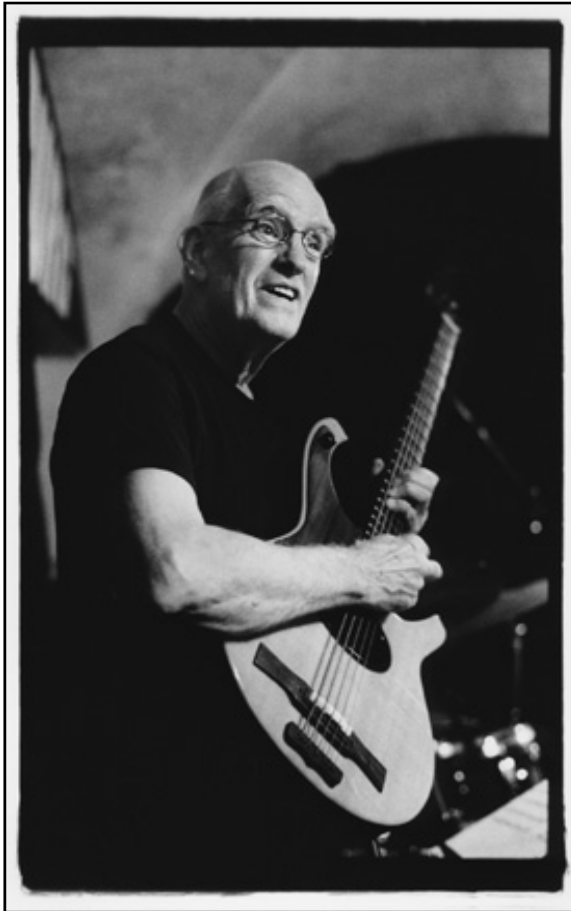


Photo Credit: ©2011 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

He wasn't euphoric, but he was having a good time among his chosen cohorts (Carla Bley, organ, Chris Cheek, saxophone, Steve Cardenas, guitar and Jorge Rossy, drums). They played two sets, a full evening's romp through Swallow's original repertoire writ especially for this ensemble, and the music ended much too soon. An album was recorded at tour's end and will appear on the XtraWATT imprint of Bley's WATT label. This room is one of the most gracious spaces I've seen in use as a nightclub; it's a deep basement where, in centuries past, barrels, casks and kegs of fermenting beverages were stored. Everywhere one looks there are arches, and to my eye, there is no such thing as too many soaring arcs.

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

**LES McCANN (b. 1935, Lexington, Kentucky) – piano**  
**Charleston, South Carolina, May 1988**



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1988

Appearing at Spoleto Festival USA in reunion with Eddie Harris (19 years after the famed Montreux recording, their rendition of Eugene McDaniel's "Compared to What" still set the stage on fire), the affable McCann is seen following the conclusion of a combination soundcheck and press conference at the Cistern of the College of Charleston, a sumptuous setting as long as it doesn't rain. He was signing an autograph for a member of the media when some of his adoring public formed an impromptu queue. Long have I thought this situation could be akin to what the opening of MacBeth would look like if it had been written by Louis Jordan. Beware, Brother Beware...

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

**RON FREE (b. 1936, Charleston, South Carolina) – drums**  
**Hot Springs, Virginia, July 2000**

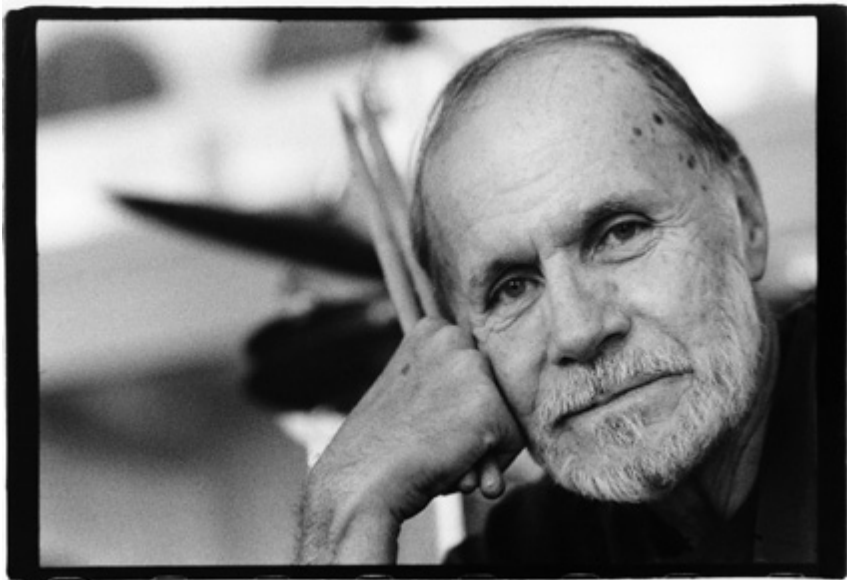


Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©2000

Until Oxford American magazine commissioned me to shoot some portraits of him for a piece by Sam Stephenson, I had no clue Free was living right over the mountain from me: he was the stuff of legend, an up-and-coming new player in 1950s New York who had mysteriously fallen off the jazz radar by 1960. We'd actually met once before, when he was in the pickup band for Jay McShann at a Spoleto jazz picnic in 1985, on a plantation near Charleston SC, but we hadn't kept in touch. This time, we met up at an even grander plantation, The Homestead, a prestigious old resort where Free has now been de facto drummer-in-residence for more than a decade. This portrait was shot in early afternoon in the dining room there, where, as Free puts it, he is paid several evenings a week under the jazz subsidy act, i.e., he is paid to not play jazz. I've been lucky enough to catch him elsewhere and otherwise, in more jazz-opportune contexts, where he embodies a protean, ego-free ability to let less say more.

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**KENT KESSLER** (b. circa 1956, Crawfordsville, Indiana) – bass, **MARS WILLIAMS** (b. 1955, Elmhurst, Illinois) – saxophone, **HAL RUSSELL** (b. Harold Luttenbacher, 1926, Detroit, Michigan, d. 1992) – saxophone, drums, and leader of **NRG ENSEMBLE**

Berlin, Germany, November 1991



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © 1991

**T**his performance at the Franz Club by one of Chicago's wooliest free jazz groupings was for an ECM Records album debut party, eastward across town from NRG's appearance at the concurrently-running JazzFest Berlin. While the clouds of cigarette smoke hardly smelled like incense, the light falling in through the windows did make the place look like a cathedral, specifically that of St. Herman of Leonard. After the festivities had concluded, I caught a ride back with my fellow photographer, Berlin's finest, Detlev Schilke, who drove us back via the Brandenburg Gate, so when I passed through it for the first time, not only was I going from east to west, but was riding in a Trabant. This photo appeared as the back cover of the CD booklet for *The Hal Russell Story*, ECM 1498.

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**MICHAEL WHITE (b. 1933, Houston, Texas) – violin, New York City, July 2004**

This was shot during one of the periodic reunitions of John Handy's 1965 Monterey quintet, which, luckily for me, recur occasionally enough to warrant rehearsals, this one on a midweek afternoon at the Iridium, near Times Square, at that time one of New York City's premiere rooms for many American artists who more often play overseas. We see White between the neck of Jerry Hahn's guitar and the bass of Don Thompson (the unseen band members being saxophonist/leader Handy and drummer Terry Clarke). Finally meeting up with White completed a quest for me: it took more than 25 years to catch up with everyone who had been a member of The Fourth Way, that quartet in many ways the West Coast's



Photo Credit: Patrick Hiney ©2004

predecessor to Weather Report. White can assay a sound of lace filigree that has the strength of tempered steel, and it was a delight to hear him participate in this elevated conversation among friends of long standing.

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**ELOE OMOE**  
(born 1949 as Leroy  
Taylor, died 1989)  
- bass clarinet, in  
the Sun Ra Arkestra.  
Performance, Lexington  
VA, July 1989

**S**un Ra's concert was easily the most surreal musical occurrence ever in this hotbed of social rest where I've lived for more than 30 years. In its original 1980s incarnation, Lime Kiln Arts, an open-air venue, usually included one jazz-like event in their primarily bluegrass-oriented concert seasons, and indeed an event it was when they booked Sonny Blount's bunch. With dancers, costumes, and all the other stagecraft, it was not inappropriate that Ra's extraterrestrial revue performed under a circus-like tent. While some of the locals didn't know quite what to make of it all, there were



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1989

also plenty of us for whom space was the place, and we grooved on the elevated level of both individual and collective musicianship permeating the band. Omoe's solo was only one of many moments of wonderfully down-to-earth yet also intergalactic surprise.

Also published as the front cover for *Extended Play* by John Corbett (Duke U.Press, 1994) and *Breath Into Bone* by J.R. Thelin (Smalls Books, 2010).

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**LESTER BOWIE** (born 1941, Frederick MD, died 1999) – trumpet, with the Amabutho Male Chorus

Rehearsal/soundcheck/warmup, October 1991, Berlin.

The South African singing group had just arrived at the main hall for JazzFest Berlin to prepare for the evening's performance, with the Art Ensemble of Chicago. While AEC's loading in was still in progress on stage, the Amabuthans gathered around Bowie, seated in the front row, and all were conversing and discussing in both languages, verbal and musical. I wish I could conjure up now the harmonies they created as they searched for a working balance of structure and freedom. They made it all sound so easy, so natural. Though Bowie, the most profound of jokers, was not yet in his customary lab coat, I can say with all certainty that the experiment was a success.



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1991

*Also published in 40 Jahre JazzFest Berlin 1964 - 2004.*

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**LOUIS SCLAVIS (born 1953, Lyon, France) – reeds**  
At dinner before performance, Berlin, November 2003.



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©2003

The scene seen is in the cellar canteen beneath the main hall for JazzFest Berlin, where Franco and his staff feed multitudes of musicians, technicians, house staff and media workers, all in time to make curtain. That is Sclavis' guitarist at the time, Hasse Poulsen, at top center, bringing desserts back to the table, where the bandleader is holding forth to his other bandmates. I have long been fascinated by such impromptu glimpses of life in the process of being lived, in which musicians look like any other people, as they go about doing some of what they have to do to be able to make music the way they do. If one were to conclude from this image that I am an admirer of Henri Cartier-Bresson, one would be correct.

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**MIKE NOCK (born 1940, Christchurch, New Zealand) – piano**  
**Portrait – June 1999, Edmonton, Alberta.**

This was shot during a break in Mike's afternoon practice at Edmonton Jazz City, one of the longest-running Canadian festivals, which Australian-resident Nock had traveled even further to get to than I had. I'd slipped into the room and been listening to him for a while; he proved beyond any doubt that not all who wander are lost. Nock was so involved in his music that he hadn't noticed my arrival, and I was savoring this private recital when the piano, all too soon, fell silent. I applauded, which rather startled him, and, when he found out I hadn't just come in, he apologized for going on so long at the piano! On every good trip, there comes a moment, sometimes early on, sometimes not, when I realize I've shot something so strong that if I had to cut my travels short and go home right then, I could go home happy. This was one of those moments.

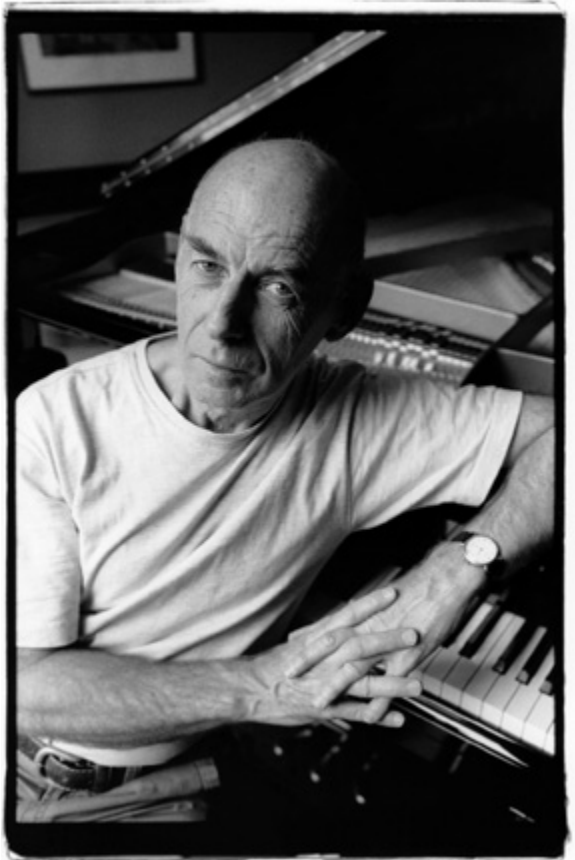


Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1999

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## Paul Horn

portrait, Riverside Park, New York City, November 1985

by Patrick Hinely



Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1985

**T**he afternoon almost got away from us without any pictures.

We'd been sitting and talking for several hours. I don't think Horn said anything that he didn't also write, later in that same decade, in his own book (*Inside Paul Horn*, Harper Collins, 1990, ISBN 0-06-250388-X). I can't be absolutely sure of that, since some of the tapes I made that day remain, 29 years later, still not transcribed. In any case it was our first meeting, and I did much more listening than talking, as hard as that might be to believe for (too) many who know me...

Once I noticed that the sun was heading toward the horizon over the New Jersey Palisades, I knew that if we were going to do an outdoor shoot, it was time to get moving. This Upper West Side apartment where Horn was headquartered during his visit to New York City was on Riverside Drive, adjacent to the park of the same name, so we decided to cross the street and take a stroll in that park. Horn asked if he should bring a flute. I said yes. Little did I know.

We soon found ourselves in a part of Riverside Park far enough above the Henry Hudson Parkway for the traffic noise from below to virtually disappear, and far enough west of Riverside Drive to yield relative silence from that direction as well, at least on this particular afternoon in November. We had the place all to ourselves, in my experience a rare occurrence during daylight hours anywhere on the island of Manhattan.

After advising me to tell him what I wanted him to do for the pictures, Horn began

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to play his flute. I don't recall any specific tunes, but every note sounded pure, and comfortably familiar, as if I'd heard this music a million times before, yet every note still sounded brand new in its unfolding.

Even more uncanny was how, time and time again, I would think, while peering through the viewfinder, that it would make a better shot if Horn turned one way or another – and he would then proceed to do exactly that, though I had not given him a single word of direction. It happened too many times to be mere coincidence. He couldn't have been following my eyes, because both were obscured by the camera body. To this day, I still have no explanation for this, except to use a term I learned from a Japanese friend of a friend: it was beyond science.

We were simply there, in the moment, at once both being and doing. To all appearances, not much was happening – but there was a lot going on...

Thinking back on it now, trying to approach that situation from strictly either Eastern or Western perspectives doesn't really work, and may best be explained via another totally different and unique belief system, one which predates the East/West twain that shall never meet: the native Australian concept of walkabout, in which the nomadic journey along ancestral paths itself becomes its own destination, and only by the singing of the songs as one traverses the land are the people and the land brought fully into existence.\* I ask pardon from skeptics if I cusp too closely on the mystical here, but I have no other - rational - explanation for what was a very real personal experience.

Soon after the sun dropped below the horizon, the light went flat, and Horn stopped playing. Though the temperature was now in the 40s, I felt warm as I packed up my gear and the three rolls – more than 100 frames - of film I had shot. He asked if I thought I had gotten anything good. I replied: "If I didn't, I don't deserve to" and thanked him for his time – and his music. To this day, that's still the only outdoor concert I've attended in New York City for an audience of one, and I still feel blessed to have been that audience.

- Patrick Hinely

\* As futile as trying to explain walkabout may be, a comprehensible stab at it can be found in Bruce Chatwin's final book, *The Songlines* (Penguin, 1988, ISBN 978-0140094299).

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## A QUARTET OF PORTRAITS by Patrick Hinely

29 years after the fact, Paul Horn remains unsurpassed as the most intuitive portrait subject I have ever encountered, – with results I still find pleasing. My hope is that the following four portraits offer proof that he has not been my only success. I have come to think of portraiture as a collaborative act between subject and photographer, though no two have been alike. With Horn, our communication during the shoot was almost entirely non-verbal. Each of these other portraits involved differing amounts and varieties of collaboration between subject, shooter and location, yielding, to my eye, images which each possess their own unique charms.



Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1977

## COLLIN WALCOTT

set-up and sound check before Oregon concert

Tampa Theatre

Tampa, Florida

November 1977

Walcott, like all four of the Oregonians, knew I was working while they were setting up, and we had a long enough history by this point that they trusted me to not step on their instruments or trip over wires, et cetera, so I felt myself in harmony with the musicians as we all went about our tasks. Collin, gone 30 years now, told me this photograph showed more clearly what he liked best about being on the road than any other he'd ever seen, which I have always taken as a great compliment, since he was a pretty good photographer himself. He said I showed him as much at home as he got on the road, afloat in the middle of his array of instruments. Though his back is turned, I still consider this a portrait, because I know the subject did too.

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Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1995

KLAUS KOENIG  
en route  
on a Deutsche Bahn train  
between Koeln and Hannover, Germany  
October 1995

Since we'd made an unannounced stop between stations, composer and bandleader Koenig was getting a bit antsy about making it to his teaching gig on in Hannover on time, and I don't know how long we sat there on an immobile train, but I do remember there was another train, a freight, going in the opposite direction on the next track, between us and the sun. The direct sunlight came through only in those fleeting intervals while the space between cars was passing. Klaus doesn't like to pose, so this is him simply as he was, wondering when we'd get rolling again, perhaps with a hint of impatience, but not with me - with Deutsche Bahn. My unofficial title for this one is "Beethoven on the Train."

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Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1997

NORMA WINSTONE  
at a friend's apartment  
having a cup of tea  
New York City  
February 1997

When we met up for this shoot, Winstone, a first lady of song both as vocalist and lyricist, was somewhat at loose ends in New York City. The trio Azimuth, one of the 20th Century's more innovative amalgams of jazz and chamber music, with Kenny Wheeler, John Taylor and her, had been booked for a week at the Blue Note, but at the last minute, Kenny ended up staying home in London, down with the flu. John got word in time to not catch his flight, but Norma was already en route. We sat and had a nice chat, during which the curtains behind her began to dance in the breeze while the sunlight played across them. It was, to quote her lyric from a tune she wrote which is included on the Azimuth '85 album, "Breathtaking," adding just the right kinetic element in the moment.

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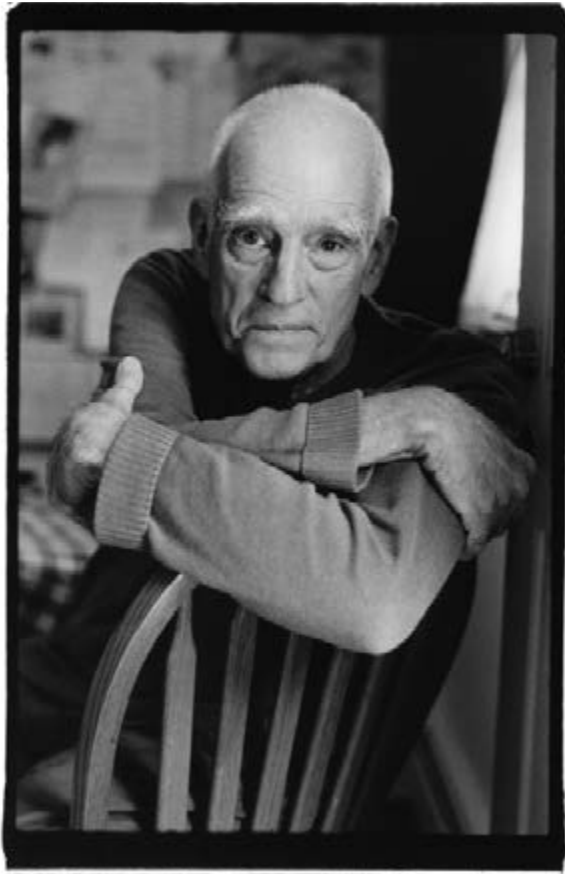


Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 2009

## STEVE SWALLOW

break during rehearsal with Ohad Talmor  
Adam Nussbaum's kitchen  
Highland Mills, New York  
September 2009

As I recall, we were waiting for the coffee to brew, hanging out after the trio had wrestled several new tunes into submission. This is as nearly perfect an example as I've yet created combining simultaneous serendipity in feeling, light and geometry. It is totally circumstantial, yet at the same time it is totally with intent; the two are not mutually exclusive, and in this case I find them inseparable. I didn't make this happen; I had the patience to wait and let it happen. I would refer anyone wanting to further explore these paradoxes to Henri Cartier-Bresson's book *The Mind's Eye*. He comes closer than anyone else to explaining the inexplicable. It pleases me to no end that Swallow likes this image so much he's been using it as his publicity shot.



*PAT HINELY  
makes his living as a  
photographer and is  
based in Lexington,  
Virginia. He has been  
photographing and  
writing about musicians  
since 1971.*

## BASS IS THE PLACE

A portrait, a performance, a rehearsal and a recording session

Early on I noticed that bassists tend to be more team-oriented than other players. Then I began noticing that ensembles led by bassists tend to sound more like bands and less like aggregations of soloists, no matter how many able soloists are involved. Could it be that those most often cast in a traditionally supporting role more greatly appreciate the opportunities presented by being in charge? Another positive side effect of more often inhabiting the back, rather than front, line is having the whole ego thing in a more constructive perspective. While bassists enjoy being in the spotlight as much as anyone else, they do not tend to excessively bask there.

Then there is the story of the suspect in police custody who just won't talk; he refuses to answer any questions, keeping his lips zipped no matter what approach the interrogating officers use. As a last resort, the cops bring in a bass player, who tunes up and launches into an impassioned solo rendering of "Body and Soul." So of course the suspect finally talks – because everybody talks during a bass solo...

*All black and white photographs are © copyright in the year of their creation by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®; and, unless otherwise noted, were previously published in Jazz Calendiary 2008 by Jazzprezzo, via Nieswand Verlag of Germany (ISBN 978-3-9810250-3-3).*

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This depicts an artist deep in thought and even deeper in the moment, listening to and conversing with his colleagues Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry and Billy Higgins. Haden has always had a way of getting down to the heart of things, sometimes with such a directness to seem simple when, upon closer examination, it is anything but, and he turns out to be keeping the pulse of the planet. He liked this image enough to either suggest or insist (depending on who you ask) that his record company use it on the covers of his entire six-album series of *The Montreal Tapes*.

That fax from Paris remains the only time a major record company has called on me, rather than the other way around, to negotiate fees for the use of my work. This shot remains my most copiously remunerative image, a satisfaction made even more rewarding by knowing Charlie likes it so much.



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

## Charlie Haden

August 6, 1937, Shenandoah IA

Performance with Ornette Coleman, Kino Delphi, JazzFest Berlin, November 1987

*Jazz Calendiary, 2013 Grammy Broadcast*

*Previous publication: cover for 6 CDs, The Montreal Tapes series, Verve/Polydor France, 2008*

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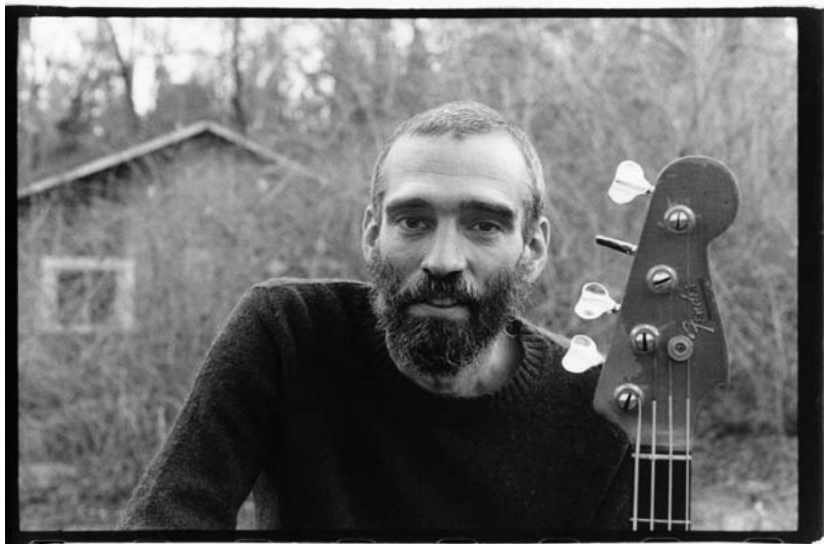


Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

## **Steve Swallow**

October 4, 1940, Fair Lawn NJ

Portrait in his back yard, Guilford CT, December 1979

This portrait is a simple, straightforward image, made with a 50 mm lens, the oldest picture in my portfolio shot with what has long been considered the 'normal' lens, i.e., encompassing a field of view closest to how most people 'see'. So the pounds of more exotic gear I was lugging around stayed in my bag that day. There is poetry in learning this from photographing Swallow, for his process of creating music, be it a composition or a solo, involves not only making sure all the elements are well paced and placed, but also leaving out everything that doesn't need to be there. At the time, his first solo album (on which he plays only one solo) was just out, and he was serving as bassist for three bands, those of Gary Burton, Carla Bley and John Scofield, so his being at home was rare enough in itself. I'd thought the combination of relentless touring and low December light was what yielded that aura of vague emaciation, but years later he told me that my visit had come on the day after his wife left him.

*Previous publication: Jazz Forum magazine, 1982, ECM Records publicity use, and 2008 JazzCalendiary*

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

Peacock was filling in for an unavailable Dave Holland, and was literally in the middle of the back line between Peter Erskine and John Taylor, both of whom were doing their best to help him get familiarized with Wheeler's charts, which are not simple. All this in the middle of a snowstorm, mind you. Evidently there were copious annotations on the charts, perhaps in script esoteric to all but decades-long colleagues Holland and Wheeler, and I just happened to catch Gary taking his very first glance at one of those. His look is very much out of character as I usually think of for him: the wise voice of experience, a zen master who can feel the sound of his bass as easily as he hears it, issuing forth from heart more than mind. Yet it is also perfectly in character for him: completely in the moment, reacting honestly to what life has put right in front of him. The gig that evening, by the way, was glorious. The one time Peacock got lost, Taylor rescued him with a flourish, playing piano with one hand while rolling a cigarette with the other.

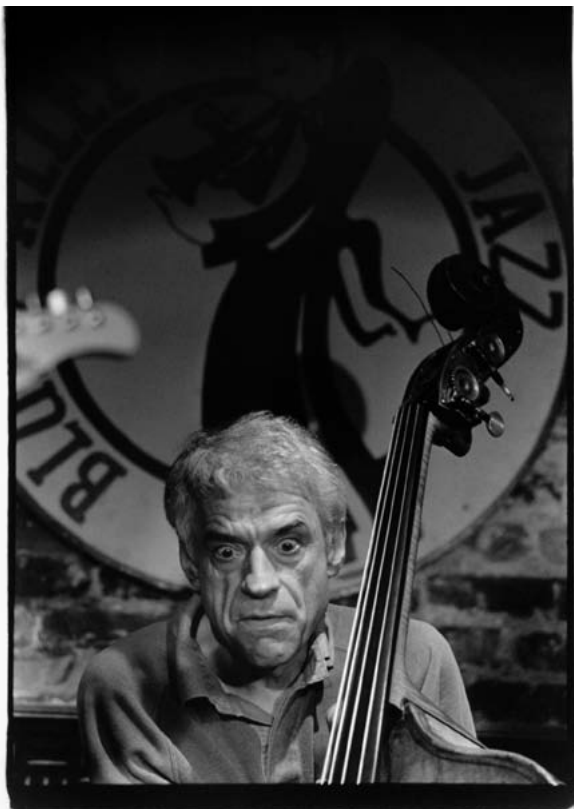


Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

### **Gary Peacock**

May 12, 1935, Burley ID

Rehearsal with Kenny Wheeler Quintet, Blues Alley,  
Washington DC, January 1991

*Previously unpublished.*

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

This was shot during recording sessions for Prime Directive (ECM 1698) but was not chosen for use in the CD booklet, because Holland wanted no photos of himself alone, only with his bandmates. Fortunately, there were plenty of those, too; I also shot him in the good company of his quintet at the time, comprising Chris Potter, Steve Nelson, Robin Eubanks and Billy Kilson, enough to make a clean sweep of all the album's photographs, including the front cover (!) Holland wore many hats in the studio, serving as producer as well as composer, bandleader and player. He excelled all around. These sessions took place in the same room where, some two years earlier, I had documented him as part of the quartet for Kenny Wheeler's album Angel Song (ECM 1607). For a room without windows, the light is pretty good, though there isn't much -



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

### **Dave Holland**

October 1, 1946, Wolverhampton, England  
Recording session with his quintet, Avatar Studio,  
New York City, December 1998

*Previous publication: 2008 Jazz Calendary*

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

BASS IS THE PLACE (CONTINUED):

MEDITATIONS ON MILT HINTON, AND MORE...



Bill Gottlieb and Milt Hinton looking at slides in Hinton's basement, St. Albans, New York, March 1994, ©1994 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

This set of photographs evolved from observing the 20th anniversary of a photograph I caused to happen in March, 1994 by bringing together two fellow photographers, both known far and wide, who knew of one another, but had never actually met up except in passing. This same image turned out to be part and parcel to my declaration of independence within the jazz world, after about 20 years of chasing ink.

That's Bill Gottlieb on the left and Milt Hinton on the right. They are looking at projections of Milt's photos in his basement, the same basement where he used to jam and sometimes record with friends and neighbors such as Freddie Green and Zoot Sims. Bill had chauffeured me from his home in Great Neck (another adventure unto itself, especially on the Long Island Expressway). That confab quickly turned into a day I wished would never end: I was getting to visit with both of my 'adopted' grandfathers in the world of jazz photography. We all took a lot of pictures of one another and had a good time. This photograph is my favorite souvenir of a day that remains unique and wonderful to me, conjuring the presence of two great creative spirits whose work informs my own. Seldom have I had the good fortune to spend such quality time with figures so influential.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

Later that same month, after five years of dishing up around 3,000 words of news – everything from upcoming gigs to obits – per issue for a DC-based jazz monthly, I parted ways with said newspaper-turned-magazine. This was precipitated by a phone call from the publisher, who proposed paying me commensurately less when my word count was, as it sometimes was, under 3,000. I said that was fine as long as he'd also pay me commensurately more when my word count, as it sometimes did, exceeded 3,000. End of conversation, followed shortly by another phone call, this one from his servile minion, informing me that my services were no longer needed.

I can't honestly say I didn't miss the money, but I've never missed giving up another weekend every month, chained to a typewriter while wrestling a foot-plus-high stack of press releases into submission. More than that, though, I figured that if I was now able, without the imprimatur of any particular outlet or organization, to make a few calls and instigate summit meetings such as that of Messrs. Gottlieb and Hinton, I could probably keep myself about as busy in the jazz world as I had time for – and could do that without the constraints imposed by tunnel-visioned editorial control freaks. I had become a free agent, and ever since, my affiliations have consistently been more creatively fruitful and satisfying, if not always also more remunerative...

Before we proceed to the main course of Milt, a bit more on Bill Gottlieb (1917 – 2006): He compiled an iconic body of work, primarily during the late 1930s and on through the 1940s. Selections therefrom have remained in print in book form since first being published as *THE GOLDEN AGE OF JAZZ* in the 1970s, most recently from Pomegranate (1995, ISBN 978-0876543559). His oeuvre of 1600+ images is now in the collection of the Library of Congress, and can be seen via [memory.loc.gov/ammem/wghtml/wghome.html](http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/wghtml/wghome.html), which site also includes a more comprehensive biography than will be found here.

Some work by Milt Hinton (1910-2000) can also be found online, at [www.milthinton.com](http://www.milthinton.com), as well as information about two excellent books of his work which have appeared, the more recent and impressive of which, *PLAYING THE CHANGES: MILT HINTON'S LIFE IN STORIES AND PHOTOGRAPHS*, was published by Vanderbilt University Press in 2008 (ISBN 978-0826515742). I wrote about it in *CODA* magazine #340 (August/September 2008), and about his earlier volume, *BASS LINE*, published by Temple University Press in 1988 (ISBN 978-0877226819) as part of an appreciation of Hinton in *CODA* #297 (May/June 2001). His work is fortunate to have David Berger and Holly Maxson as its champions. Hinton's collection has assumed a life of its own under their tutelage, including the presentation of his autobiography in what is very much his own voice.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

Hinton's musical career – and his photographs – spanned from the 1930s to the 1990s, and he is credited in Lord's discography for having played on 1174 recording sessions ranging all across the musical spectrum. He did for New York studio work what Wilson, Hampton and Christian had done for touring bands with Good man: he broke the color line without ever trying to be anyone but himself. He never sought the spotlight, always playing to make the whole band sound better, with that ego-free selflessness possessed only by totally secure creative beings, a quality I find both admirable and enviable.

Hinton's pictures are the ultimate inside jobs of jazz photography, because he didn't have subjects so much as he was simply making spontaneous pictures of his friends and colleagues as they went about the business of living their lives. This he did with intuition and affection, and he was generously gifted with both. He is the only musician I ever met who played at the original Minton's and Knitting Factory, and seemed just as much at home on the downtown scene in the late 1980s as he had been uptown in the late 1930s. "The Judge," as he was known, covered a lot of waterfront. He also knew his way around a bass.



Wayne Horvitz, Milt Hinton, Marty Ehrlich and Kevin Norton performance at the Knitting Factory, New York, June 1989 ©1989 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

With this one-off ensemble playing what was then the downtown scene's highest-profile venue, it was my good luck to be stuck overnight in New York on the way home from a festival in Canada. This gig was set up by drummer

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

Norton, a former Hinton student, who felt so honored that Hinton had agreed to play on it that he renamed the group as the Milt Hinton Quartet. Ehrlich, no slouch on clarinet, was wailing as Horvitz and Norton, respectively, set him up and egged him on, while there in the center of this swirl of activity, Hinton fluidly glued it all together with an open-ended swing that defied gravity. Charlie Haden was in the house, and after set's end, he hugged Hinton in virtual genuflection. It takes one to know one.



Branford Marsalis and Milt Hinton performance, Trio Jeepy, North Sea Jazz Festival, The Hague, Netherlands, July 1990 ©1990 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

This band's (its other member was drummer Jeff Watts) double-LP was still a recent phenomenon when they were booked for one of the 14 stages at the world's largest jazz festival. Branford, already pre-eminent among his siblings as a musician if not celebrity, sounded gleefully unfettered in his repartee with Watts and Hinton, both of whom were energetically and enthusiastically responding in kind. They were having the sort of fun that leaves one exhausted at set's end – but a good sort of exhaustion, brought on by giving one's all and doing it well.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Milt Hinton portrait, hotel lobby, The Hague, Netherlands, July 1990

©1990 Patrick Hinely, *Work/Play*

Hinton was waiting for his ride to the airport when our paths unexpectedly crossed in the lobby of the festival's hotel housing musicians. He seemed totally comfortable as I made a few shots. It was easy to keep to his aesthetic of using only available light, for that has long been my own preference as well. I loved that he didn't pose: he was an all-or-nothing package, one I willingly signed for.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Charlie Haden, Milt Hinton and Dave Holland 3/4 of the Bass Masters Classic at University of Virginia JazzFest, Charlottesville VA, January 1994 (not pictured: Richard Davis) ©1994 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

It sounds like an alliterative, to say nothing of alphabetically arranged, law firm: Haden, Hinton and Holland. When I think about the span of these three guys, and their formative participation in the musics of Ornette Coleman, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis, this gathering and collective depiction seem even more remarkable. This festival program was one of genius, arranged by avant-impresario Reggie Marshall, for what was then an adventurous - and substantially funded, a rare combination - college jazz festival. This one actually took place during an ice storm, though all of these leader's bands kept the stages ablaze.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

**BRUCE HAMPTON – guitar, chazoid, vocals**  
**born April 30, 1947 in Atlanta, Georgia**  
**backstage during Zambiland 2001, Variety Playhouse, Atlanta,**  
**December 22, 2001**

A 5,000 word subject if ever there was one, “Colonel” Bruce Hampton holds unique status within Atlanta’s cultural community as an intuitive enabler and instigator for his fellow musicians. Equally open to the influences of Bukka White or Sun Ra, Hampton is a southern-fried de facto zen master. Like Miles Davis, his bandleading technique is to assemble a kinetic combination of characters, then stay out of the way so the music can play itself, which makes the process sound simpler than it is, but he has been at it long enough to know that what you let happen is usually far more amazing than anything you can make happen. Along the way, he has also evolved into a striking guitarist, though his vocal improvisations still defy gravity, and sometimes logic, but are always poetic and of a piece.

He is seen here among such colleagues as Oteil Burbridge, now a member of the Allman Brothers Band, in the bunker beneath the stage at what was for many years an annual holiday musical celebration in Atlanta’s Little Five Points neighborhood.

*Recommended listening:*

**Colonel Bruce Hampton and the Aquarium Rescue Unit;** Capricorn, 1992 (live recording)

**Strange Voices, Colonel Bruce Hampton;** Landslide, 1994 (compilation 1977 – 1987)

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

**DAVID EARLE  
JOHNSON –  
percussion, vocals  
born early 1940s,  
South Carolina,  
died 1998, upstate  
New York  
portrait, in his  
front yard, Ellore, South Carolina,  
May 1980**

As he preferred, David Earle will be referred to as just that. This enigmatic character liked to say he acquired his taste for latin music as a teen-aged stevedore on ships hauling bananas from Havana to Savannah. I first met him on a plantation near Charleston, SC, leading his Duom Duom Bop Orchestra from the conguero's seat. His talents on timbales are his most widely heard work, on the title tune for the 1980s TV series Miami Vice, as sampled by Jan Hammer, with whom he made a couple of albums.

*Previous publication:  
back cover of David  
Earle's album Route Two  
(Landslide, 1981).*

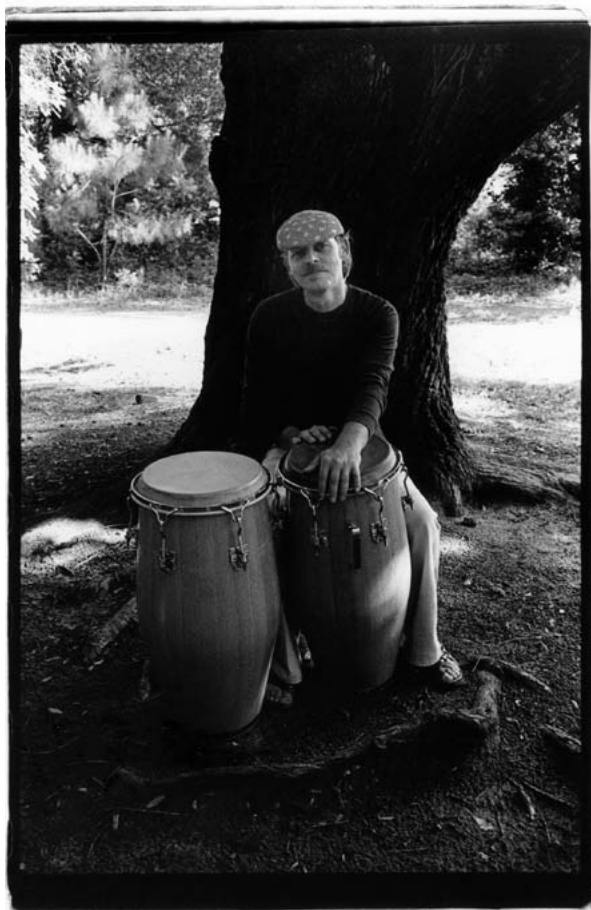


Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Though those fusion outings snap, crackle and pop, David Earle's more unique proclivities for 'C&W' – in his case, Cuban and Western – are best heard on his first and last albums, listed below. It is there he was at his most indigenous, ornery but lovable, riding the waves of rhythm all the way to shore. Gone 15 years now, there's still been no one else like him.

**Recommended listening:**

**Skin Deep, Yeah!** Jonathan David Earle, 1979 (LP only)

**White Latining** Veracity, 1992 (Germany)

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

**BENNIE WALLACE**  
– tenor sax (and  
Ray Anderson -  
trombone)  
Chattanooga,  
Tennessee,  
November 18,  
1946 (and Chicago,  
October 16, 1952)  
soundcheck,  
JazzFest Berlin,  
November 6, 2004

Possessed of a historically knowledgeable and intensely, eccentrically personal voice on his horn, Tennessee tenor terror Bennie Lee Wallace was leading his orchestra, in this case a nonet, in a program of the music of Coleman Hawkins for the Berlin Jazz Festival. Before the rest of the band deployed, it was just these two old friends and colleagues, mutual veterans of many a recording and even more gigs, getting acquainted with the room and within it, their sounds, individually and collectively, preparing for the concert. Both were strolling profusely about the stage, totally involved with their horns, so catching this juxtaposition was a matter of waiting and watching, hoping there would be a geometric convergence,



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

and indeed there was, even if a low light level necessitated selective focus. The concert recording later appeared as the album *Disorder at the Border* on ENJA/Justin Time (2006/2007).

*Further recommended listening with Wallace and Anderson:*  
**Sweeping Through the City**, ENJA, 1984 (also with John Scofield and the vocal quartet Wings of Song)  
**Twilight Time**, Blue Note, 1985 (also with Scofield, Dr. John, and Stevie Ray Vaughan)

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

**JEFF MOSIER –  
banjo, vocals, born  
Kingsport, Tennessee,  
February 7, 1959.  
Performance with  
The Ear Reverents,  
street festival,  
Blacksburg, Virginia,  
August 2, 2003**

His nom de musique is Reverend Jeff Mosier, and he did indeed graduate from Moody Bible Institute before co-founding and co-leading BlueGround UnderGrass, an Atlanta-based aggregation that criss-crossed the improvisational line between bluegrass and jazz as naturally as falling off a log. Mosier is obviously a man comfortable with who he is, else he'd not have named his long-running program on Radio Free Georgia "Born in a Barn." He is seen here in a mid-set trance with his more jazz-oriented, if also more occasional, band: The Ear Reverents, who have been as far afield from Georgia as the Berlin Jazz Festival. RevMo knows where the banjo comes from, how it got here, and respects its heritage while taking it to where no banjoist has gone before: unto the wall of twang.



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

In any context, Mosier is consistently the most interesting, if not the most famed, 5-string player around.

**Recommended listening:**

**BlueGround UnderGrass; Barnyard Gone Wrong**  
Root Cellar, 1998

**Live at Variety Playhouse; BlueGround UnderGrass**  
Phoenix, 1999

*All black and white photographs are © copyright in the year of their creation by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® and were previously published in Jazz Calendary 2008 by Jazzprezzo, via Nieswand Verlag of Germany (ISBN 978-3-9810250-3-3). Though now out of print, copies are available. For info, e-mail [phinely@embarqmail.com](mailto:phinely@embarqmail.com)*

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

**BOB  
BELDEN**

born  
October  
31, 1956 in  
Evanston,  
Illinois  
died May  
20, 2015 in  
New York  
City

Text and  
photographs  
by Patrick  
Hinely

All  
photographs  
©2010 by  
Patrick Hinely,  
Work/Play®.

The Harbor Jazz Cruises were of just the sort of event that made Piccolo Spoleto, the City of Charleston's cognate festival, such a locally colloquial down-home contrast to Gian Carlo Menotti's simultaneously-occurring operatic extravaganza known as Spoleto Festival USA, both of which began in the later 1970s. The boats for these evening excursions were the same ones which hauled tourists out to Fort Sumter during the day, though for these evening excursions, beer was added to the offerings at the concession counter.

By this time Belden was already settled in New York City and had embarked upon his career as a producer extraordinaire, but Charleston-raised Bob Belden liked to visit his Mom, and could claim hometown dibs for one of these gigs, which had become enough of a scene to attract a varied audience, including folks like the fellow seen on the left in this image, a paying customer who was doing exactly what it looks like: snorting something up what was left of his nostrils. In the midst of all that social-whirl malarkey, Belden's trio was ripping righteous ass in the best tradition of Rollins or Henderson, with a twist of Bennie Wallace thrown in, all filtered through Belden's own encyclopedic knowledge of the music. Because setting off a flash is so disruptive to any ambiance, including the darkness in that boat cabin, this was one of very few photos I made that evening, but it does catch Belden in mid-flight as a performer, and he was a very good one.

I'd first met him a few years earlier, at another Spoleto gig, when he was sitting alongside Frank Tiberi, Joe Lovano and Gary Smulyan in the sax section of Woody Herman's Thundering Herd, during the heat of a Charlestonian June afternoon, when 'in the 90s' is a correct answer for enquiries about both the temperature and the humidity. Herman seemed more inclined to make demands than to grant rewards, but dues were being copiously paid, more than any of those guys knew at the time. But that's another story.

My deepest impression of Belden dates from the early 1980s, an experience which occurred on board the USS Yorktown, an aircraft carrier permanently docked across the Cooper River from downtown Charleston, the centerpiece of a maritime tourist trap called Patriot's Point. It was Spoleto season. I remember arriving as afternoon was turning into evening, and walking past a huge pile of melting ice cubes, which I was told was detritus from a reception for the Spoleto chamber players hosted by WSCI-FM, the local NPR affiliate.

At that time, and until 1998, WSCI's broadcast booth was up in the ship's control tower, on what had been the primary flight control deck, near the captain's bridge. This was where Worth Waring, a Charlestonian poet and mutual friend, was on air doing his weekly jazz program, with a stunning view of downtown Charleston beneath a sky changing color as the sun set beyond. Belden and I were his guests that week. I don't recall a word I said, but I well remember the recent acquisition Belden brought along.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

It was a Japanese double LP, Miles Davis' PANGAEA. Though it had already been out for five years in Japan, it was rare in the USA, new to me, and in any case was about to make its on-air debut in Charleston. We took turns ducking out to a nearby disarmed anti-aircraft turret where the no-smoking rule of the radio studio didn't apply, and this was not only enjoyable but downright therapeutic, given the incredibly high volume level of that album. Just the guitars of Pete Cosey and Reggie Lucas were enough to collectively deafen most mere mortals, and the rest of the band put even more fat on the fire. This was not music for the faint of ear.

Right in the middle of that maelstrom of cacophonous funk, a sudden calm set in. Only one guitar was playing, quietly underpinning with a repeated figure, while Miles light-handedly vamped on keyboard, as Sonny Fortune took a flute solo. It's a great solo in any case, but in this original context stands out even more in contrast, sounding pure and simple both, even pretty. Every note penetrated the very core of my being, while Waring was watching the dials at the control board, and Belden was leaning back in his seat, grinning behind his shades. He knew that solo was coming, and had produced one of those rare perfect moments.

His subsequent oeuvre proved the Milesian connection would be the wave Belden rode furthest and longest in a career cut far too short. Davis' torch has seldom burned brighter than on the CD reissues Belden produced so thoroughly and lovingly, and his later double-disc celebrations of Miles' music with Indian and Latin emphases, including many Davis alumni, are stellar. He didn't make many albums of his own music, but among those he did, BLACK DAHLIA (on Blue Note) is uniquely brilliant. His TREASURE ISLAND (on Sunnyside) also yields more rewards than one might expect from a debut album, but Belden was ahead of the pack in more ways than one.



Bob Beldenn performance, Piccolo Spoleto Jazz Cruise somewhere in the city's harbor, Charleston SC, May 1984 photograph ©1984 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® previously unpublished

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## ORNETTE COLEMAN

born March 9,  
1930 in Fort  
Worth, Texas

died June 11,  
2015, in New  
York City

Ornette Coleman's music communicated many different things to many different people. What I learned from it – specifically the concert at which I shot this image, one of my all-time favorite photographs – is that trying to make things happen doesn't always work, and that sometimes, you have to just let things happen.

Case in point: In my youth, listening to some of his early albums on Atlantic (all of which have been nicely assembled into a CD box set, *BEAUTY IS A RARE THING*, on Rhino), I kept seeking enlightenment, but the end of the side always arrived before that happened. I was trying so hard to listen to what I knew was important music that I didn't – or couldn't – hear what was going on.

Then came this concert in what was then still West Berlin. Here were four fellow humans who had shifted the tectonic plates of jazz (Don Cherry and Charlie Haden comprised the rest of the band), deeply involved in what they were doing, listening intently to one another, yet doing so in such a transparently childlike way that their delight with the process and shared amazement at the results were hard to miss. They were playing for one another, yet also for all of us, and, as Haden liked to say, playing as if their lives depended on it. Such beauty is a rare thing indeed.

Maybe I like this image of Ornette because he's visibly, if only barely so, right there on the edge of darkness, taking such pleasure in listening to his band, in a fleeting moment of repose.

I was headquartered across the street from the Delphi, in the Hotel Savoy, and on the way down to breakfast next morning, another man boarded the elevator. He looked vaguely, unto subliminally, familiar, in a generic way: a mildly striking visage, like one might see on TV or in the movies, but not the face of a star. I couldn't place him for the life of me.

As we reached the lobby, and the doors began to open, I realized that the man was David Byrne, of the Talking Heads. So I had indeed seen him in a movie, just a few months before: his own film *TRUE STORIES* (the soundtrack to which includes my late distant relative Terry Hinely playing glass harmonica, but that's another story). As I tried to come up with something to say – preferably no more than a sentence, without any subordinate clauses, given the ephemeral tenure remaining in our sharing the

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Ornette Coleman (and Billy Higgins) performance, JazzFest Berlin Delphi Filmopalast, November 5, 1987 photograph ©1987 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® previously published by JazzFest Berlin in their 1993 calendar of my work.

same space- I sensed someone standing before the opened doors, waiting to board the elevator.

It was Ornette Coleman. I don't think they knew who each other were. He and Byrne sort of looked past one another, with that same deadpan gaze, focused on infinity, just over the shoulder, a necessary technique for celebrities to avoid eye contact and maintain insulation from an adoring public that may mean well but will still eat up just as much time when there are already plenty enough things to do. For a nanosecond, I thought of introducing them to one another, but before I could, the elevator doors were closing behind Ornette, and Byrne was heading out of the hotel's front door.

It turned out Byrne was in town to work on a theatre production with Robert Wilson, *THE FOREST*, which premiered in 1988 as part of the celebration of Berlin as Europe's Cultural City of the Year. I don't know if he was at Ornette's gig the night before or not, since I never got the chance to ask...

Only upon Coleman's passing did I discover *THE 1987 HAMBURG CONCERT*, a 2-CD set on Domino, recorded by the NDR radio network only a week before the performance I attended in Berlin., and it sure sounded familiar, even though I have yet to ever set foot in Hamburg. It was one hell of a tour for those guys, and I rejoice in having these souvenirs.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## JOHN TAYLOR

born  
September  
25, 1942 in  
Manchester,  
England  
died July  
17, 2015  
in Segre,  
France

First off, let me celebrate John Taylor as the only man I ever met who could play piano with one hand while rolling a cigarette with the other, and do both well. More on that in a minute.

My original plan was to have three people seated in front of that upright piano in Norma's music room, the third being Kenny Wheeler, who, with these two, comprised Azimuth, arguably the best, and certainly the most unique, ensemble to emerge from that territory between British jazz and chamber music. Wheeler, as it turned out, was away, on the Continent, while I was in London. So it goes. This was not all which would go awry that day...

This particular image was my favorite from the day's shoot, though they chose a different shot – one which did not show their hands – for their cassette-only album *IN CONCERT* (on Enodoc, 1991). John and Norma were still working together – splendidly, and, at the time, rather frequently – despite no longer being married to each other. I did, fortunately, figure out pretty quickly that I was the only one in the room with any jitters about being there, and they were both graciously charming about it all, unto willingly sitting, patiently, while I fumbled with all the technical matters one had to pay close attention to back in those days of film, and treating me as though I knew what I was doing.

After the shoot, while a journalist colleague also there that day conducted her interview with Norma in the music room, John suggested that us boys might repair to the kitchen for a cup of tea. John had moved out when their marriage ended, and Norma and their sons had kept the house. In any case, the kettle was still on the stove, and John lit the burner beneath it. Only then did things begin to resemble a combination of Luis Bunuel and Peter Sellers. Doing his best to be a good host, John went looking for teabags, spoons, cups and saucers, only to discover that none of those things were still kept where they had been in his day. It was a brief if not totally smooth transition from frustrated to flummoxed, then confused, and, finally, amused, as was I, witnessing all this while trying to keep a straight face.

All the necessary components for tea were eventually located and successfully assembled, and we comfortably sat, sipped and smoked in the kitchen while the ladies talked in the piano parlor. John told me he had once worked for the government tax bureau. I told him that, like Charles Mingus, I too had worked for the Post Office. All in all, it was a fine afternoon.

As it turned out, I did get my Azimuth band shot, later that same year, in Baltimore, of all places, during one of the group's rare forays beyond Europe. They played a magnificent set in a venue near the harbor, Ethel's Place. Sometimes good things do come to those who wait.

From those scenes, fast-forward about four years, to a snowbound January afternoon at Blues Alley in Washington, DC, where the Kenny Wheeler quintet, on their inaugural US tour, were rehearsing, primarily for the benefit of their bassist, Gary Peacock, who was standing in for then otherwise-committed Dave Holland. Taylor was on one end of the back line, Peter Erskine on the other, with Peacock between, his head turning back and forth as if he was watching a tennis match.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Norma Winstone and John Taylor portrait, at her home, Londonearly March, 1987 photograph ©1987 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® previously unpublished.

With Wheeler and John Abercrombie on the front line, the new man had his hands full, but all did their best to make him feel at home, and as the afternoon progressed, he did.

It was in the middle of all this that Taylor performed his aforementioned feat of ambidextrous multitasking. If I recall correctly, the tune they were playing was Wheeler's "Foxy Trot," a sort of mobius strip in itself which, in its recorded version (on Wheeler's DOUBLE DOUBLE YOU, on ECM) includes some of Taylor's best playing, and Michael Brecker's, and Wheeler's too. If anyone not familiar with Azimuth is thinking of checking them out, the first album I'd recommend is their fourth, AZIMUTH '85, also on ECM.

In what turned out to be his later years, Taylor dedicated a series of works to the writer Kurt Vonnegut, a man to whom he bore more than a passing resemblance. Recommended in this regard is REQUIEM FOR A DREAMER, on CAM Jazz, as is the forthcoming album 2081, recorded with, among others, his sons.

One of the nicest, most succinct tributes I've seen to this Mancunian autodidact came from fellow pianist and educator Simon Purcell, who described Taylor's music as "a treasured and continual revelation of possibility, curiosity and beauty."

The most comprehensive obituary I've seen was written by John Fordham, for The Guardian:

<http://www.theguardian.com/music/2015/jul/19/john-taylor>

I envy the angels who can hear the duets Taylor and Wheeler are playing now.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## WAY OUT WEST

In Oregon and  
Washington,  
September 23 – 30,  
2015

Reportage,  
Recollections and  
Reflections on visits  
with David Friesen,  
Glen Moore, David  
Haney and Buell  
Neidlinger

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As I write, at the outset of spring, that first week of last fall doesn't seem nearly six months past. That week I spent in and around Portland and Seattle was the first time I'd been on the ground between Vancouver and Malibu. I was able to visit with 2 of my favorite genre-hopping, -bending and, ultimately, -transcending bassists, as well as with the editor of this publication, himself an adventurous musician in his own right.

Though most of what is in the texts was known before the photographs were made, the conversations in the process of making the photographs rendered much into a new perspective, connecting many dots, and hopefully revealing some previously unseen facets of these wonderfully creative beings. Since the photographs came before the writing, the texts could be seen as responses to the images, though I like to think of them as starting points for describing the depicted. Ultimately, it is all inextricably bound together and – I hope – of a piece.

The primary inspiration for making this trip was to catch up with Glen Moore, a friend of long standing, who earlier in the year had shaken my firmament by stepping away, after 40+ years, from the band Oregon, of which he was a founding member. The ripples in my jazz pond began where Oregon's pebble hit the water back when Nixon was still president, and continue to emanate ever further today. All through those years when I could get to 4 or 5 Oregon gigs, or those times when I went 4 or 5 years between gigs, my conversation with Glen always picked up again, as though we'd just been hanging out the week before.

Over those decades, I also noticed that Glen's compositions were the ones which intrigued me the most: gnarly and eccentric, if not as often pretty as much of Oregon's repertoire, each one was challenging, always filled with a wit and sinew evincing deep knowledge of the history of music and, even more, an appreciation and love of it all, yielding a sound rewarding for anyone paying attention. Other than the late Collin Walcott, no one more relished the free improvisations Oregon always included in every performance. With time, I also came to notice how often it was Glen's thread that held the ensemble's weave together.

Following more than three decades of faithful

service to the group after Walcott's death, during which time Moore passed up or put on hold much substantial pursuance of non-Oregon musical activities, he finally decided, early in 2015, that everything else added up to a higher priority than staying in that long-standing context which had gradually but continually evolved further away from what drew him to it in the first place. In the early 70s, he'd also been the first eventual Oregonian to leave the Winter Consort. Oddly, now a full year now after Moore's departure, Oregon's website still lists him as the go-to contact for North American bookings. Go figure.

One of Moore's longest-standing involvements, predating even Oregon's late-60s genesis in Paul Winter's Consort, is with fellow bassist David Friesen, long a resident of Portland. My visit came at an opportune time to catch up with the both of them together, as their third duo album in 40 years, recorded during a European tour earlier in 2015, was about to hit the streets. They were working up to working on some new material for future projects, such as their tour of Arizona and engagement at Edmonton's famed Yardbird Suite earlier this year, and they already have another European tour slated for 2017.

In the interest of full disclosure, let me acknowledge that I wrote the liner notes for that new album, BACTRIAN, on Origin, a Seattle-based label, as well as for its 1993 predecessor, RETURNING, on Portland-based Burnside. (The notes for their 1975 debut album, IN CONCERT, on Vanguard, then an independent label in New York City, were written by by Mikal Gilmore. That album, label # 79383, has yet to be released on CD). Bactrian, by the way, is a species of two-humped camels native to the Mongolian region. Only a thousand or so remain extant. If I'd known that when I wrote my notes for the album, I would have mentioned it, since it would have been a no-brainer opening to say how musicians as gifted as Friesen and Moore are equally rare...

Having met up with Friesen at the coffee shop contained within a supermarket near his Northwest Portland home, we were joined by Moore, who, like myself, arrived in a rental car; he now spends most of his time at his new home in southern Arizona rather than in his old home town, to the point of renting out the house he and his wife built here. After some caffeinization and conversation, we proceeded to Friesen's home, specifically its music room, where the 2 photographs of them playing were made in the course of a very pleasant afternoon, my first in Portland. It was such a luxury to constitute the entire audience by myself, and be able to move about the room at will, in search of vantage points for my lens without having to worry about blocking anyone else's view.



***FIRST IS THE SHOW OF HANDS***, which practically gives me calluses just looking at it. Here are two players who love the range of their instrument and know how to use it across the spectrum, from the sound of mountains breathing to the upward spiral of raptors riding thermals into the heavens. Their conversations were lively, loving and probing, passing through some tunes familiar to us all and others familiar only to one player or the other, drawing forth exploratory responses that made for interesting listening...

## Jazz Stories A Photo History



**A MORE ALL-ENCOMPASSING AND DOCUMENTARY VIEW** which I hope gives some feel of the room. When I first entered, I worried that the ceiling track lights would present problems, so I hope this image presents proof that I could make good use of them, especially the arc of their track, which to my eye cusps on cosmic. Since the room, even with the lights cranked up, was on the darkish side, I have chosen to present both of these images in black and white, which is, in many ways, how I still think, visually, though I must say it's nice to have the choice digital photography gives. In general, whether in color or black and white, my digital photographs are not manipulated to any greater an extent than were my film images, and that was minimal. Regardless of medium, what's most important is to get it right in the first place. If you have to cobble things together after the fact, you probably missed it in the moment.



**FRIESEN AND MOORE, AFTER MAKING MUSIC**, in one of the side gardens of Friesen's home. The late afternoon light from behind and buoyantly splendid colors combine for a photograph I like to fancy would be just as much at home in *Better Homes and Gardens* as in a musical publication, be that a magazine or on an album cover. This wrapped up a productive afternoon, one so fine that if I'd had to fly home after less than 24 hours on the ground out there, I could have happily accepted such a fate – but I'm glad I stayed longer...



**GLEN MOORE AT DAVID HANEY'S DINING ROOM TABLE,  
SEPTEMBER 25, 2015**

Later in the week, Glen and I had the opportunity to sit at the dining room table in the Air B&B where I was headquartered (more on that below) and talk for a while, during which time I shot this portrait. Having experimented with converting it into black and white, I decided to keep it in color, since his skin tones, deepened by the southern Arizona sun, render out even more strikingly than they would in that abstracted-into-bronze which comes so easily with digital black and white, a tone so sublimely and precisely perfected – on film! - by Jousef Karsh of Ottawa in the middle of the last century. (If you've not seen Karsh's portraits of Ernest Hemingway or Winston Churchill, check 'em out).

This is the latest addition to a series of photographs which began in Nashville in 1973. A wider selection from those 40+ years will be presented more fully in a future piece which continues to evolve and gradually accumulate. The latest tidbit added to the Moore dossier is a Facebook posting from last week by Robert Sabin, depicting a handsome painting of Glen playing his bass now on exhibition at the Portland airport: hometown boy makes good. Moore's story should be told in full, and is taking a while to bring to a boil, so consider this presentation as the first bubbles gurgling to the surface. It may take a while longer to fully cook, but it will, hopefully, turn into a well-spiced stew...



*DAVID HANEY, AT HIS DINING ROOM TABLE, SEPTEMBER 27, 2015*

A couple of days after Moore's visit, I had a chance to sit at that same table again with the landlord, my host, who also happens to be a Managing Editor of this publication, who kindly took his Air B&B apartment off the market to offer me accommodation during my visit, which made my trip far more feasible. If that, despite this full disclosure up front, constitutes conflict of interest, so be it. I would hope to be as straightforward and forward-thinking as I found David Haney himself to be. Earlier in my visit, in passing conversation, I had come to feel a great empathy for this fellow seeker who, like myself, usually has his fingers in several pies at once to keep all the balls in the air. Some facets of jazz-related music are always among the balls being juggled, but seldom constitute all those balls at any given time. Yet it remains at the forefront of what we do as creative beings, above or at least beyond merely being consumer-participants in the economy.

On day one, Haney had introduced me to Portland by relating the local saying about Mount Hood: If you can see it, that means it's going to rain, and if you can't see it, that means it's raining. (Against all odds, during the week I was out there, it rained only one day – otherwise it was beautiful, sunny and warm. Amen.) He also introduced me to the New Deal Cafe, a wonderful neighborhood place with good coffee, good food, personable staffers, reasonable prices – and of course free wifi.

Haney was very generous in sharing his recorded music with me, and I must confess there is still more of it I have yet to listen to than I have already heard, so I will not try to put it into any boxes, large or small. I will say he relishes the adventure of it all and seems comfortable with the idea of encountering the unknown, especially in good company, which he has done, repeatedly and gloriously, while the tapes are rolling. And, as he says, it's different every time.

I hope a little bit of his good-natured impishness shows through in this image.

## **BUELL NEIDLINGER**

**C**hronologically, the capstone of my travels came with a drive up Interstate 5, from Portland through and around Seattle, along the way hitting the Cascadia Plate volcanic trifecta, sighting, all within the space of a few hours, Mount Hood, then what's left of Mount Saint Helens' and finally Mount Olympia. After driving (and driving... and driving...) through the Boeing plant in Everett, I enjoyed the ferry ride out to Whidbey Island, where Buell Neidlinger lives in a splendid isolation with his wife, the sprightly Maggie, herself another distinguished bassist, and their cat, as well as the largest selection of welder's caps I've ever seen. Buell has actually given up the bass, and, approaching 80, is concentrating on cello, the instrument of his youth, playing everything from Bach to Hovhaness, anchoring a locally-based string quartet. His career has covered more waterfront than any other bassist, nay, any other musician I know. After a year at Yale, he went to New York, lived amongst the Boppers and the Beats, worked with Cecil Taylor as the 50s became the 60s, then accepted symphony chairs in Houston and Boston, taught at the university level, and recorded for years in the studios of Los Angeles with everyone from the Beach Boys to Barbra Streisand to Frank Zappa, while also expanding the parameters of bluegrass with other progressive players such as Richard Greene, and establishing a record label, K2B2, in collusion with LA's best-kept secret on saxophone, Marty Krystall, with a collective repertoire ranging from Monk and Herbie Nichols to original compositions. By the early 90s, he'd had enough of the land and milk and baloney, and resettled here, where he can watch the sun set over the water with mountain ridges receding into the Canadian distance beyond. Though the Guinness Book of World Records recently declared Ron Carter to have played on more jazz recording sessions than anyone else, with all due respect, I don't think his total number of sessions approaches Neidlinger's, nor has his career had nearly the breadth. Neidlinger is also a supreme raconteur; in the course of my visit, I recorded a couple of hours of stories, and, over dinner and breakfast, heard several additional hours' worth, which I can only hope to retain. His stories would constitute a great book. I hope he'll write it. Had I the means, I would gladly help him with the task, just to hear his recollections at greater length. His story about seeing Henry Grimes in LA during that fellow bassist's lost years is worthy of a chapter unto itself, but I won't even try to tell it. He sometimes peppers his conversation with vintage Beat sayings such as "Solid, Jackson." All of these photos were shot in his back yard late on the afternoon of September 29, 2015. I choose to present them in black and white because the open-shaded light that far north after the autumnal equinox goes so blue as to irreparably skew the color, in a way that might detract from the images by, if nothing else, not improving them, possibly distracting the viewer from more fully appreciating any graphic strengths the images might otherwise possess. The only influence I had on the shoot before the fact was in determining the placement of his chair on the lawn. After that, I just tried to keep up.



BUELL NEIDLINGER

## 1. Skepticism and curiosity

We hadn't seen one another for 27 years, our only earlier crossing of paths having been in what was then still West Berlin, when he led his band at JazzFest Berlin 1988. His soundcheck banter on the stage of Philharmonic Hall caught my ear, and we tossed it back and forth for a few minutes, during which time I got a nice shot of him over Peter Erskine's shoulder, of which I sent him a print, an image he remembered when I got in touch to arrange this visit. He'd noticed in '88 that I worked with Leica cameras, and, early on this time around, he noticed that I was not. He seemed fascinated by my machine – one of Fuji's most versatile rangefinder cameras, which has rendered the prestigious German brand not only far overpriced but also technologically irrelevant – so his gaze is literally focused on my camera in this first, most distant of the 3 frames – but he is also looking, questioningly, into my soul...



## 2. Bemused acquiescence

I can only imagine the number of arrangements he'd had put in front of him in LA studios over the decades that would have brought on a similarly ambivalent expression, as if he could take it or leave it and, by the way, could we get on with it, please? Or perhaps this is a succinct visual expression of that old card player's lament: "Who dealt this mess, anyway?"

## 3. Intensity

After much aesthetic wrestling about the ambiguity of the fist his right hand appears to make (when in fact what he is doing is holding his bow), I decided if there were going to be one and only one image from that shoot, this would have to be the one, the closest-up and most in-your-face.

Some photographic history may be relevant here, beginning with Alfred Stieglitz's 1903 portrait of J.P. Morgan, in which the scowling banking magnate is seated in a wooden chair, the arm of which he grips, looking, in the reflected light, for all the world like he's brandishing a knife at the viewer. More recent is Henri Cartier-Bresson's 1971 portrait of Ezra Pound, made in Venice (Italy, not California) which is simply a distinguished-looking white-haired man sitting in a chair, gripping his hands together in front of him, but those hands are in a bright pool of light and look like a tangled pair of gnarled fists, their size exaggerated by being closer to the lens than



his face, which is in relative shadow, from which intense eyes glow burningly forth, either condemning the photographer for exposing his subject's age, or perhaps evincing a more general rage about time's dimming of the proverbial light, expressing more frustration than resignation toward a world gone mad. In Neidlinger's case, I like to think this stern-looking character could be the proverbial Zen master about to strike his pupil, as they sometimes do in hopes of inspiring sudden enlightenment. But he didn't hit me: he and Maggie took me out for a nice dinner, at a place where they are regulars, and, as such, are treated like royalty. This is as it should be.

In more than 4 decades of working in a field where appearances are everything, I have come to think of visible signs of age as acquired marks of character, proof that one has lived, loved and done something rather than simply collecting a paycheck while watching the parade of life pass by. For most anything you could name, Buell Neidlinger has been there, done that, and has done well enough at it to have arrived at this place where he is content to be, comfortably sharing command of his universe with the lovely Maggie. It was a gift to visit Planet Buell. Solid, Jackson...



